

The Historie

Prin. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstuffs sword
so hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and said hee would
swear truth out of England, but he would make you beleue
it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make
them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and
swear it was the blood of true men: I did that I did not this se-
uen yeere before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices.

Prin. O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeers
ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer since thou hast
blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet
thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, do you see these meteors: do you behold these
exhalations?

Prince. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot liuers, and cold purses.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke,
here comes bare bone: how now my sweete creature of bum-
balt, how long is't ago, Iacke, since thou saw'st thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee: when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was
not an Eagles talent in the waste: I could haue crept into any
Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of sighing & griefe, it blowes
a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villainous newes abroad, here
was sir Iohn Bracy from your father: you must to the Court in
the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, and
he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the bastinado, and made Lu-
cifer cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the
crosse of a Welsh hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poines. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Morti-
mer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of
Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpen-
dicular.

Prin. He that rides at high speede, and with his pistol kills a
sparrow flying.

of Henry the fourth.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascall hath good mettall in him, hee will not
runne.

Prin. Why, what a rascall art thou then, to praise him so for
running?

Fal. A horsebacke (ye cuckow) but afoote he will not budge
afoote.

Prin. Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, he is there too, and one
Mordacke, and a thousand blew caps more. Worcester is stolne
away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes,
you may buy land now as cheape, as stinking Mackrel.

Prin. Why then, it is like, if there come a hotte Iune, and
this ciuill buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads, as they buy
hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the masse, lad, thou saist true, it is like we shall haue
good trading that way: but, tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible
afraid? thou being here apparant, could the world picke thee
out three such enemies againe, as that fiend Dowglas, that spi-
rit Percy, & that diuell Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid?
doth not thy blood thril at it?

Prin. Not a whit ifaith, I lacke some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when
thou comest to thy father, if thou loue mee: practise an an-
swere.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me vpon
the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. This chaire shall be my state, this dag-
ger my scepter, and this cushion my crowne.

Prin. Thy state is taken for a ioynd stoole, thy golden scepter
for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a pitiful
bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee,
now shalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cup of Sacke to make
my eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept,
for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it, in king Cambises
vaine.